

THE CANADIAN FORUM



A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs

Vol. I.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1921.

No. 12

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Toronto

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MR. MEIGHEN has done the courageous thing.

It took courage to incur the displeasure of many of his followers in the House and even of some of his Cabinet Ministers, and in the trough of an economic depression to appeal to the people. Seldom, indeed, does a Government survive an appeal in such time. All it gains is an escape from burdensome financial responsibilities. In the clear terms of his speech at London, in which the election was announced, the most interesting features were the small regard he paid to the influence and honesty of purpose of the Liberal Party, and the tribute he paid to the earnestness and strength of the Agrarians—while in the same breath he sought to convict them of economic stupidity. Mr. Meighen makes the tariff the issue. He has no word to say which may stir up racial or religious strife. For once we may have an election fought on real issues and in good temper. The Prime Minister pictures the farmers as out-and-out, immediate free-traders. For this, however, he has no warrant. Not a single official statement supports this interpretation of their policy. Indeed he himself must convince the public that he has not forgotten economics in the school of politics. He has yet to show that production can be permanently stimulated by placing more fetters on our commerce.

THE report of the Commission appointed by the Ontario Government to investigate the projected radial railways has been given to the press. After almost a year spent in gathering evidence from experts and others, and in hearing the arguments of opposing lawyers, the Commission has definitely advised against the Province pledging its credit to the municipalities to construct their railways. The city press has not been slow to criticise the government and the Commission. Objection has been taken mainly on two grounds: the cost of the inquiry and the shifting of responsibility by the government. It is true that the investigation was prolonged and productive of many words. But it is claimed that more than half the expense was incurred by the Hydro Commission responsible for the project, in securing information which might well have been

available before the scheme was recommended. At any rate an expenditure of half a million does not appear extravagant in testing the feasibility of a project involving one hundred times that amount. Our editors might reflect that in the simple operation of buying a house it is usually thought advisable to employ an agent who charges three per cent. of the purchase price, and a lawyer who may charge something more. An expenditure of one per cent. is not necessarily excessive when an undertaking is vast and involved, and when it is sponsored by engineers capable of estimating at \$10,000,000 the Chippawa Power Development, which actually promises to cost seven or eight times that amount. Further to charge that the Government "side-stepped" the question, as the *Mail and Empire* does, is hardly a just argument. Royal Commissions of Inquiry are sound in principle. Government and parliamentary committees cannot always safely dispense with experts. Criticism by the press would have more weight were it directed to the character of the Report, and this it has omitted to analyze or discuss.

A DECISION of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada to cancel the charter of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railroad Employees brings to a head the clash between national and international trade unionism. There is a growing feeling on this continent, and especially in Canada, that all is not well with organised labour. The Congress itself is the Canadian mouthpiece of the American Federation of Labour. For many years past the parent body has been elaborating its organisation, stabilising its finances, and extending its control over local and trade issues. For more than a generation it has been directed by one man, whose impress it bears indelibly. It has restlessly fought for the control of organised labour wherever its members came in contact with unionists outside the Federation. When it covers a field so wide there are grave dangers in centralised authority. Every successful church has had to face them and most successful states. The American Federation of Labour owed its earlier success to recognition of these dangers. Unlike the Knights of Labour, it made allowance for local circumstance and

for differing craft interests. It aimed at reconciling local autonomy with the wider need of union. But devotion to the ideal of organisation by crafts, which in an earlier generation was a safeguard of the workers' freedom, bounds and limits it to-day. The changing industrial structure demands its counterpart in a changing form of labour organisation. The growth of large integrated industries can hardly fail to stimulate a parallel growth of industrial unions. Meanwhile, the political labour movement is becoming a reality. Its life depends on the provision of a common meeting-ground for all organised labour, whether international or not. So long as the Trades and Labour Congress is no more than a mouthpiece of the Federation its political significance will be restricted, for there are almost 80,000 unionists in Canada with whom the Congress has nothing to do, and it is adding to their number. Sooner or later the question must be faced, whether the national or the international interests of Canadian labour are paramount. No matter which prevail it appears that one of them must suffer.

THE adoption of a report in favour of unemployment insurance by the Trades and Labour Congress may or may not be significant. Much depends on the forthcoming meeting between the Congress representatives and the Federal Minister of Labour. A series of such resolutions may be found in the files of Canadian labour organisations, and they count for very little. Fundamentally the trouble has been a disinclination for study. If and when a working plan for unemployment insurance is adopted it will represent much hard thinking and an immense amount of actuarial work. The mathematics of insurance are not for the layman, but the hard thinking, which is an essential preliminary, must be done by labour leaders, if labour resolutions are intended to produce results. There are no signs at present that the leaders of the labour movement (or the newspapers which support them in this matter) have ever seriously faced the difficulties that confront them. Elsewhere in this issue we print an article from the pen of Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, which is a vivid reminder of the hardship and distress which winter must bring to scores of thousands. It is already plain that our present makeshift arrangements for relief are hopeless. The need for something in the nature of insurance against trade depression was never more obvious and urgent. Who, then, is ready to bring forward a scientific scheme?

DURING the first week in August the Supreme Council met to decide the fate of Upper Silesia. There arose a not unforeseen deadlock, and the Supreme Council finally decided to refer the Silesian problem to the League of Nations, with the request that the League make settlement without delay in

the interests of peace and good feeling. The press on both sides of the Atlantic received this as a vindication of the League, but it may be no more than the Supreme Council's confession of the insolubility of the problem. In other words, it is perhaps an august example of the familiar device known as "passing the buck". This is never an act of friendship, and it remains to be seen how the League will emerge from the thorny path into which it has been propelled. It is long now since the plebiscite, itself almost two years overdue, resulted in a substantial majority in favour of maintaining the connection with Germany. This somewhat unexpected result really created the problem of partition; for it can hardly be doubted that, had the vote been reversed, the province as a whole would have gone to Poland. If that would have been both an injustice and an act of political folly—and it is difficult to imagine how any person could maintain the contrary—the allocation now of the entire province to Germany could hardly be regarded in a different light. There is, it is true, a strong economic case for Germany's retaining Upper Silesia in its integrity; but such a plea cannot be reconciled with the political doctrine of self-determination or, though this is probably not as serious an obstacle as it would seem, with the ethnographical situation in Silesia itself. One of the fundamental difficulties is, of course, that the industrial and mining districts, which are so essential to the economic life of Germany, are, generally speaking, the districts that showed a majority in favour of union with Poland.

BUT the practical point is, that whether inherently necessary or not, some form of partition is now almost inevitable; for the fate of Upper Silesia, like so many other important questions that have arisen since the Armistice, has become involved in the jealousies and conflicts that constitute for the most part the politics of post-war Europe. It is this conflict of policies that makes the partitioning of Silesia at once so difficult and so vital a problem. It is now realised by all except a negligible class in England, and by none so vividly as by the financial interests, that the last way to serve their own cause is to reduce Germany to the condition of a second Austria. Yet this is exactly the object that a very powerful party in France pursues and, moreover, succeeds with only occasional rebuffs in forcing the French government to pursue. It seems as if the best that can be hoped for, even now, is a bad compromise—a compromise that might conceivably be followed or even anticipated by a militarist coup at Berlin. There is, however, some hope to be gleaned from the way in which the situation is developing in Silesia itself. There, it is said, Korfanty is losing his influence so rapidly that another call to arms on his part might well prove ineffective. There is talk, too, of a rapprochement

between the German and Polish workingmen's organisations with a view to promoting agitation for an independent Silesia. Such an agitation would probably be of too recent an origin to impress either the Supreme Council or the League of Nations, but it might by promoting a spirit of co-operation point the way to an equitable settlement.

A RECENT issue of *The Farmers' Sun* declares in large headlines "Spy System to Catch Farmers in Any Error *re* Income Tax is Latest Development at Ottawa". It appears that the Finance Department, as in duty bound, is checking the returns of income made by farmers, as well as those of other people. Why farmers should be more exempt than city dwellers from the common frailties of mankind *The Farmers' Sun* does not explain. In resenting application to the farmers of a scrutiny which belongs to citizens as such *The Farmers' Sun* is acting indefensibly. Farmers are entitled to no special privilege. Their leaders have gained a large measure of public confidence by their steadfast opposition to privilege. Their programme involves the support of direct as against indirect taxation. They know that for years past there has been a good deal of evasion, both deliberate and accidental. Their policy depends for its execution on the success of the Finance Department in dealing with evasion, and before that policy is adopted they will have to secure the support of many thousands of urban electors. Nothing is better calculated to repel an urban electorate than this.

SIR HENRY DRAYTON has replied to the charge of discrimination made by the U.F.O. organ, in that income tax inspectors are requesting from millers and others certified lists of all purchases from farmers, while at the same time the new stock dividend of twenty per cent. declared by the Canadian General Electric Company has been pronounced free from income tax. He makes the same distinction between capital and income that the British Treasury has made for many years, and points out the singularly small amount which farmers contribute by way of income tax. *The Farmers' Sun* and the Progressive Party have in the income tax returns their hardest argument to meet. Disliking indirect taxes, they do not yet in general pay direct taxes. They must explain the reason for this, and in explaining it they will probably find that farmers themselves quite honestly have been doing pretty much what the General Electric Directors have done. They have been applying to improvements, as wise farmers should, what might have been set down as cold income, just as industrial concerns may from time to time add to their equipment and declare stock dividends accordingly. Mr. Meighen's gage of battle makes it more urgent that those who differ from him

on the tariff should devise a system of direct taxation, equitable in its incidence, which will be collected.

CIVIC and national pride alike are stirred when the Canadian National Exhibition opens at Toronto. During many years the largest and most successful enterprise of its kind it attracts an attention that is almost world-wide. It reflects our virtues—and sometimes our faults as well—in an unsparing light. Doubtless not all are agreed on the merits of the pageant which graced the first evening of this year's Exhibition. The military man will find in it poor comfort for his feelings. But others, to whom things warlike are anathema, will agree with the daily press which labelled the spectacle "inspiring". For if we have not yet beaten our swords into ploughshares (and there is a poor market for ploughshares with wheat at \$1.39) we have done something not very different. We have produced, for Exhibition purposes, what our late enemies would be justified in describing as an *ersatz* soldiery. Like most *ersatz* products it is, of course, a good deal different from the real thing. His Majesty's Foot Guards are still old-fashioned enough to wear the pipe-clay belt. But our *ersatz* Foot Guards do not wear belts. Real Horse Guards wear the cuirass over their respiratory organs—and, no doubt, at times it is rather cramping to the lungs. But our Exhibition Horse Guards follow the more hygienic, if somewhat less imposing practice, of using the cuirass to cover their digestive organs. Real South African infantry march in step; and even Anzacs do so. But our *ersatz* infantry preferred as a rule each to follow his own gait. *Et cetera*. . . . The men in charge of the pageant might have obeyed a very natural impulse and induced some Toronto regiment to find real soldiers for them. They did go so far as to place in the foreground a quartette of maimed veterans, who struck a note of sober courage very different from the rest of the spectacle. But that was an isolated appeal to reality. They felt, doubtless, that the war is over—that men are changing swords for ledgers—that in peace other virtues than precision are demanded—and they staged a performance which was *sui generis*. Most people seem to have voted it a great success.

IN these days of individualistic selfishness, when every man is occupied with his own salvation and reckons but little of his neighbour's, it is comforting to learn that the true missionary spirit is still alive. Recently a group of Puritans, alarmed for the possible future of the President of the United States, addressed to him an impassioned appeal to refrain from the pernicious habit of cigarette-smoking. We heartily endorse this generous attempt to pluck a brand from the burning (even if it be in reality only a brand of cigarettes), and we rejoice to think that the President, who is but a weak, erring mortal, is compassed and

guarded on every side by the cohorts of the children of light. It should not be difficult, we imagine, for a man who must be in the habit of asking an acquaintance to "give him a light", to omit that single objectionable word and to implore his true and disinterested counsellors to "give him light" instead. We hope, therefore, that Rumour is not true when she reports that the President has answered this modest petition by a request to know whether his self-constituted advisers themselves abstain from those dangerous stimulants, tea and coffee. What is to become of the vaunted liberty of the citizen if the President is to be allowed to poke his nose into the private concerns of the American people?

WE print in this issue a large extract from the Canadian war play, *The P.B.I. or Made-moiselle of Bully Grenay*. It was first produced at the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, in March, 1920, and later at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, with considerable success in both places. Subsequently it made a tour of the province. It is the opinion of many who served in France that the play "rings true"; and it is chiefly for this reason, for its documentary value, that we think it suitable for publication. As a play *The P.B.I.* has little to commend it to Aristotle, and it has a Bairnsfather feather in its tail, but it has also a vivacity of dialogue which cannot be manufactured from lamplight, and which make it a cheerful oasis in that vast desert of war-books which we have inherited from the second decade of the nineteenth century. When "the pens of the nations were mobilised" in August, 1914, the future authors of our play had other fish to fry. As it is uncertain at this time whether the play will appear in book form, we believe that we are justified in presenting it in an abbreviated version. Three more extracts of approximately equal length with the present one will appear in successive issues. The whole will comprise fully half of the complete play and will include the major episodes.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications, Contributions, Subscriptions, Etc., should be mailed to that address.

The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman*.

C. B. SISSONS,
Political Editor.

BARKER FAIRLEY,
Literary Editor.

H. MEEN, *Advertising Agent*

Assassins—and Other People

SINCE Alphonse Karr pronounced the bold sentence "Que messieurs les assassins commencent", the world seems to be divided forever into two classes, the assassins and the people murdered or liable to be murdered, whom we will agree to call the decent people.

Both are fighting an awful war. Here in Canada the assassins are killing about one hundred and fifty persons every year. The decent people are most moderate. They have only condemned to die thirty assassins. Even of these only one-half are really killed; the other half are sent to the penitentiary for life. This year, however, we are well ahead of schedule; we have already had twenty-nine executions in Canada.

The assassins also prove far superior in imagination and resources to the decent people; they stab, or shoot, or cut in pieces, or burn alive, and do the job quickly, very seldom torturing their victim. The decent people in Canada always use the same fastidious method of hanging, and the procedure is also very annoying. When an assassin is convicted (this does not mean that he is guilty, in fact we were told in Parliament in 1914 that three innocent men had been hanged that year), when the jury and the judge are convinced, His Lordship pronounces a few tedious words, always the same, a liturgical formula of the English Bar. He tells you, or rather he tells the assassin, that he is going to be hanged, on such and such a day, *by the neck until he dies*.

From this moment the assassin indulges in reading the Bible and other comforts of the decent people, and he sometimes proves to be very capable of religious experience. The newspapers quote and comment on the preferred readings of the assassin. We were told, for example, that the favourite passages of the great McCullough, hanged last year, were Isaiah IV, Psalm XXIII and John XIV. In the meantime the life of the assassin, as of all other mortals, is getting shorter every minute; only he knows better when he is going to die. In fact, at the date appointed by the judge, and, possibly, after the fuss of breaking jail, mixed with conversion and devotions, the assassin is duly executed. The hangman takes hold of him, pronouncing a few liturgical words, and both go to the scaffold, followed by a clergyman, who, being a non-professional murderer, is generally the most terrified of the bunch. Arrived at the scaffold, the assassin, assisted by the shaking clergyman, usually recites the Lord's Prayer, or a special Psalm for these occasions, called already *The Hanging Psalm*, and composed by David, himself a murderer and naturally well acquainted with transgressions and bloodguiltiness. The assassin recites the prayer, extremely surprised to find such an unexpected way of torturing a human being, and generally denying the crime.

The worst is, of course, the hanging. Theoretically the hangman should put the rope round the neck in a certain position, so as to break the bones and cause almost instantaneous death. But this very seldom happens. We read in the newspaper that Garfield lasted for several minutes; another man hanged in Guelph did not die for a quarter of an hour; and in 1919, a fellow in the Toronto jail hung alive for seventeen minutes. Press reports state the doctor bore up quite bravely this time, although he had collapsed in the previous event. But the record occurred in Montreal, also in 1919; the victim had the agony of hanging all day waiting for life to leave his body, and, if we remember well, the decent people, tired of waiting, took the assassin from the gallows to the hospital and there he died in bed in the afternoon.

It is a great pity that so few people are allowed to assist at these performances; we have very few details of the cries of agony and other particulars of the real hangings. We have seen already that a doctor fainted; the divines also often come out of the death chamber gravely impressed. The Rev. Mr. Gaetz of Woodstock simply said that "There must be a better way of sending a man to the presence of His Maker". Canon Davidson on a similar occasion, when pale and trembling he descended the scaffold after his heroic ministry, made the same statement, "There must be a better way, surely our civilisation can find a better way!" And these are not the only examples. The divines of Canada, with a few exceptions, are not for the death penalty. They say that Moses and David would have been hanged, if they had lived in Canada nowadays.

Perhaps the reader will be interested to know what is the opinion on this extraordinary subject of the persons directly interested in the hanging, viz., the assassin and the hangman. The *Toronto Globe* published a few years ago¹ the declarations of the hangman, who preceded Ellis on the job. His name was Radcliffe, and he started his career by hanging the famous Berchtold, not a common bird. Radcliffe, after having dispatched one hundred and ninety-two people to their Maker and being deserted by his family and haunted by one hundred and ninety-two ghosts, from being a public official became a conscientious objector and refused to hang any more. The Government, for a little while, was extremely embarrassed, because there was an execution pending. However, if we remember rightly, five candidates applied for the sinecure and Ellis was ultimately accepted. In the confession of Radcliffe, the man showed great surprise that such a thing as hanging could go on in these times. He, the hangman, was rather tired of the callousness of the decent people; he appeared almost as a philanthropist.

¹August 29th, 1912.

The assassins on the other hand are for being hanged; they prefer this to seclusion for life, which threatens them if the ideas of the hangman Radcliffe should prevail. "A murderer's view on the death penalty" was reproduced in a Toronto newspaper not long ago.² There a real assassin, after having consulted several other assassins in a penitentiary of the United States, declared that all of them agreed in preferring, if necessary, to pass fifteen minutes of agony and finish at once, rather than be secluded for life from the rest of the world.

Finally we tried to investigate the opinion of the murdered people; and they do not seem to be very particular about hanging the assassin or not. . . .

But this is not the end. Don't imagine that we went to the sport of writing a few gruesome lines, just for fun. We know, however, that Canadians are very busy and will not read, unless they are amused, no matter if the subject is the hanging of one of their countrymen.

We know that they are busy, but we know also that they are good-natured and proud of their country; they want a nice, clean progressive life for Canada. We know that if they read and think over such an important matter, they will be struck with horror and will cry for those hangings to be stopped.

Let them not be fooled by petty lawyers and technical people who will tell them of the necessity or the convenience of capital punishment in a country like Canada. We have read almost everything they have written on the subject and all their arguments can be reduced to a sarcasm: *Let the assassins start*, they say in more or less scientific terms. They cannot demand the killing of criminals as punishment; they know there are worse punishments than hanging a man. They cannot insist on its exemplary virtue, for an execution is now no longer a great show. They cannot say it is necessary in order to prevent the assassins from committing further crimes. . . . There is not the slightest chance of reparation, the killing of a man does not give life to the murdered.

Remember that assassin or not, it is a man who is killed, with all his potentiality as a son of God. He is to-day a dangerous citizen, he is a brute, a murderer . . . but perhaps for this he requires a little more of our humanity. We do not kill congenital imbeciles and raving lunatics. We no longer want the noise and excitement of executions.

Let us not be fooled either with figures. Italy, Germany, Switzerland and other countries of Europe have suppressed capital punishment and crime did not increase. Several of the United States abolished the death penalty long ago and the community still exists.

We want to pay here all due respect to our Robert Bickerdike, a business man of Montreal and

²Mail & Empire, May 24th, 1920.

a member of Parliament, who presented a bill to abolish capital punishment in the Legislature and fought for it with all his heart. The bill was defeated on the night of January 19th, 1915. Nevertheless, Mr. Bickerdike did not lose courage, but went to the people and tried to stir public opinion, writing to the newspapers and speaking at meetings in Toronto and elsewhere. Gradually his voice was drowned. But his principles still live.

Are we not tired of hanging, and hangmen, and ropes around the neck *until you die*, all that eighteenth century ritual of the Courts? Is there no better way of sending a man to his Maker?

But no! We do not want something else. We do not want electric chairs, garrottes, guillotines, or poisonous gases. For more than nineteen hundred years the world has raised its eyes to Calvary. Surely we have waited long enough.

J. PIJOAN.

Universities and the World of Business

OF the many lessons we learned in the war, two stand out in strong relief:

1. The importance of organisation in depth.
2. The importance of liaison.

Just as in battle we attacked in depth, wave after wave of men following a series of barrage fire, just as we learned at last to defend in depth, taking the weight of the enemy's attack as it were on a yielding buffer, so also we taught and trained our army in depth. In the rear were the specialised senior schools, further forward the corps schools for junior officers and junior N.C.O.'s, then the divisional training for all arms in conjunction, and finally the daily informal instruction of trench life.

An army so attacking, so defending and so trained had constantly to throw out feelers on either side of it in order to give simultaneity to its efforts; and this work of feeling is what the army called "Liaison".

In the Department of Training this service was performed for short periods in the line by the interchange of officers and by special courses of instruction, for example, by courses on machine gunnery, which were attended by staff officers, artillery battery commanders and infantry battalion commanders.

Without liaison, specialisation in warfare is a danger; with liaison specialisation elicits the full capacity of each and every arm.

I had the privilege of following some of the operations of the Canadian Corps in France 1917-1918; also of digesting for our General Staff the tactical lessons noted in certain divisional reports; and over every operation and in every report of this great corps were written the words, "Training" and "Liaison"; training from the seniors downwards,

liaison right through from the N.C.O. and subaltern up to the council table of the Army Commanders, (or as we termed them irreverently at General Headquarters, the Five Rebellious Barons).

The supreme task of peace is to switch into the service of society those principles which were found to work so well in war. It is my purpose to show that training and liaison go hand in hand in peace as well as in war. We at the schools and universities do the training; the world of business uses the product. Between the two there must be a double contact; first of all an informal contact, by which I mean exchange of opinion, visits of academic men to factories, the reading of papers by business men to students; and secondly, organised contact for the purpose of helping the student from his studies into the world of business. This task is more important than that undertaken by any labour bureau, for it is the conveyance of that most precious social product, the brains of an educated man.

In the relationship between universities and business there are certain gross errors to be avoided.

No intelligent commander would assign to a Vickers machine gun the tasks which properly belong to a Lewis gun, such as the protection of a narrow trench or a sentry post. These things the Lewis gun does better, and to employ a Vickers gun is sheer waste of fire power. Similarly, it is wrong to take a trained university man and keep him continuously at routine work. This too is a waste of power which can be avoided by a more intelligent use of the human weapon. It is right that the young university man should do some routine work, some dirty work, but he should do it for a short time only and with the purpose of giving him an all round knowledge in pursuance of a scheme of training. Such, at any rate, is the policy of a very large firm of Electrical Engineers in Britain, the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, Limited, which is taking each year an increasing number of Varsity men from Cambridge and also from Manchester, where the works are situated, and taking men with a general training as well as mathematicians and scientists. I have listened to no finer lecture than that given by the head of their Training Department to my own students in Cambridge. He said of the staffing of industry in the future:

"A new factor is entering in—that of the more highly educated man or woman. This higher education enables those who have profited by it to step off the ladder higher up the scale and get a running start." The college men he called "Officers of his Industrial Cadet Corps"; and went on, "College men must remember that they are simply raw material. They have to learn just as the less educated beginner, but not in the same way, not so slowly and not in such elementary fashion. When he enters the firm the cadet must remember that his industrial

education is only beginning. For the first two years he is a member of our O.T.C."

So much for the first error and the way to avoid it.

The second error is this; do not suppose that there is a fixed demand for brain power in business. Some British employers, I blush to say, have held this view in the past. I have heard a great steel magnate argue that we were in danger, with our higher education, of producing more men of brains than industry could absorb. This doctrine is the exact counterpart of the Fixed-work-fund of short-sighted labour unions, when they argue that there is only a limited amount of work, therefore let us spread it and ca' canny; but under such treatment the demand for labour, as we all know, shrinks up. So also in business, there is no fixed demand for brains. One good brain in conjunction with machinery and appropriate organization begets new machinery and new organization, which call for yet other good brains—and so on in unending progression.

The third point of caution is the relation of the world of business to the spirit of higher education. Are we in danger of turning our universities into technical schools and Berlitz academies by this contact with the world of business? If we are, it is our fault, and moreover, quite unnecessary. I quote again from my Electrical Engineer:

"The higher education we look for from a university is not a preliminary training in business or industrial technique. We expect the university to lay a broad and sound foundation—to provide good raw material out of which an efficient staff may be shaped by us—to develop logical thinking and the ability to grasp facts and to face a new situation without requiring book rules and formulae. Such men will be able to hold their own in any circumstances. They will have a high saturation value."

I am glad to add that one young cadet, whose saturation value has turned out to be high, was a pupil of mine whom I heard, the week before he entered this firm, recite on the floor of the Senate House at Cambridge the prize poem with which he won the Chancellor's medal for Greek verse.

My own line of work is Economics and this is, or at any rate we intend it to be, less remote from business than the Classics, but I have waged war with more than one business man over our economic syllabus. Two years ago I went through it with the head of the largest catering establishment in Britain. "Where", he asked, "are accountancy and commercial law, to say nothing of bookkeeping and shorthand?" "Nowhere", I replied, "for we have not the time. In three years we have two things to do:

(a) "To stretch the student's mind on the hardest stuff we can give him—abstract economics, the theory of money and distribution, exact statistical analysis, etc.

(b) "To broaden and enlighten his mind with a background of history and politics.

"We set out to produce elastic raw material. It is for you to finish his education with accountancy, law, or whatever specialized task suits your business."

My business friend was reasonable, as at bottom most able business men are, and the particular pupil whom he took from me is now Assistant Accountant to the firm, earning good pay, and about to earn extremely good pay.

Our objective now being clear, it remains only to set out the kind of organisation by which the student and his future employer may come into touch with one another. We at the older universities no doubt have our shortcomings (one of which in my private opinion is the excessive number of new sciences invented each year in our laboratories), but I think that my own University of Cambridge in its Appointments Board may claim to have found the right solution here. This Board is supported by voluntary grants from the different colleges in the University. It is run by university men for university men and no commission is taken for jobs found. The secrets of its efficiency are two:

(1) It has won the confidence of the tutors and professors. We tell the Board the truth about our men. Therefore the employer knows what he is getting and as a result the misfits are literally nil.

(2) It has also won the confidence of able business men.

Apropos of this the Secretary writes:

"I note in looking over our records that we have retained and consolidated our position with the great Eastern firms, such as the Shell Group, the Anglo-Persian Group, and Persons, and many others, and that we have supplied them not only with business men but with technical men also. Until this slump we were doing well with the engineers. We have made important connections in Birmingham, more especially the Metropolitan Carriage, Waggon and Finance Co., and the B.S.A., and we have been in touch with and supplied men to most of the great electrical concerns in the country—the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., the British Thomson Houston Co., the English Electric Co., and the Western Electric Co. and others. We have made new connections with the Leeds Forge and all their group of waggon builders. We have continued our connections with the glass firms like Pilkingtons.

"We have introduced a small number of men into the Textile industries. We held meetings last year in Newcastle, Leicester and Nottingham, while one of us also visited Liverpool and Manchester. We were expecting to carry this on but are holding our hands for the moment because of the state of industry. In the autumn it is hoped to go ahead.

"We have made connections with the financial houses a good deal stronger and have suggested quite

a number of people to these houses and we find that there is much greater willingness and eagerness to take Cambridge people than formerly. Another development has been the marketing side of various firms, where we found people not only willing, but glad, to take our men and the men themselves do well. Of course not all forms of marketing.

"I notice among other technical appointments we have sent men to the British Aluminium Co., Mond Nickel Co., Cooksons, National Benzol Co., and a number of others."

These facts prove that the confidence of the big business men has been won; and the more farsighted among them are anxious that its future development shall be true to type. If an employer gets a first class man through the Board he is tempted to miss out the Board the next time and to write direct to the professor or tutor of the man who has been such a success, and ask him for another of the same sort. This method is wrong. It narrows the field and in time it will turn the professor or tutor into a writer of testimonials, and "testimonial" is just a long word for "lie". Naturally a teacher will be less disposed to be candid with a business house, which after all can look after itself; whereas in dealing with the Appointments Board he knows the official who is in charge and he is unwilling to let his own university organisation down.

A member of our Board, the head of the oil interests in Britain (this gentleman, I might add, persuaded his colleagues to present £210,000 for the endowment of chemical research at Cambridge), wrote only this year to the Appointments Board in the following strain:

"My Company, which has in the last ten years taken into its employ on your recommendation about one hundred Cambridge graduates, has always attached very great value to the survey which you give us of the views of the Cambridge authorities in regard to each applicant for an appointment, and similarly I have often heard from the men who have joined us and other firms that your knowledge of the nature of the employment and the employers has been of the greatest service to the men in the choice of their careers. In my own opinion those complementary surveys which the Appointments Board renders to the employers of the applicants for appointments are essential factors in the success of the work of the Appointments Board, and they have contributed more than anything else towards that complete transformation in the relations between the University and the world of commerce and industry which has enabled the University to exert its proper influence in that large department of the Nation's activities. . . .

"What I fear may be beginning to happen at Cambridge now is a process analogous to what has sometimes happened in other universities, owing to

the fact that some of the scientific departments of the University are not supporting the Appointments Board with the same loyalty as the colleges do and always have done.

"I suggest to you that it is in the interest of the University that there should be only one authority responsible for advising the outside world in regard to Cambridge candidates for appointments and that authority should be the experienced Central Appointments Board of the University. It is in the interests of the men that they should be advised in their applications for appointments by an expert office which is familiar with the circumstances surrounding the business offering openings, and it is of the utmost importance to the reputation of the University in the world of commerce that the Cambridge men who are sent out to appointments should be selected on the advice of the same experienced office which weighs the views of the Cambridge authorities with a due sense of perspective, and presents to the employer a responsible and considered report on each applicant."

With this view I heartily agree.

C. R. FAY.

The Coming Winter

"WHAT"? I asked a Labour Man, "is the subject of greatest interest to Labour Men to-day?" Without hesitation, there came back the reply—"The coming winter".

Labour, in the West, is still deeply interested—and divided—on the question of industrial organisation. Labour was never more concerned over the political situation. But the immediate pressing problem is that of holding or securing a "job".

The demand for harvest hands has somewhat relieved the situation. A large number of mechanics and other workmen, who have been more or less unemployed since last autumn, have gone out to the farms. About eight hundred are to come from Vancouver, out of some four thousand who applied for the special transportation rates. In the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand have been brought from Eastern Canada. But in the majority of cases the farmers will not require these men after the "freeze-up". What then?

In any case with wages varying from three dollars to four dollars a day, with deductions for wet weather and transportation, the amount that harvest hands can earn during the next few weeks will not go far towards supporting their families during the coming winter.

Under normal conditions, there is a considerable influx from the prairies to the cities during the winter months. This year, it will undoubtedly be swollen by numbers of English immigrants who came out

this summer to go on farms, but whose services will not be needed after threshing.

Again, what then?

According to press reports at the conference now being held in Vancouver, the authorities admit that there are in British Columbia between eleven thousand and twelve thousand unemployed men, and that this figure will soon be increased to twenty thousand. Many of these men have been idle, except when engaged on relief works, for almost a year. Aside from the demoralising effects of such long-continued absence of steady work, any little resources in the form of money reserves, stocks of clothing, household effects, etc., are sadly depleted.

From Alberta has come a protest against any more people being brought into the province under existing conditions. Some Alberta farmers have come East to Saskatchewan and Manitoba to find work during the harvest.

In Winnipeg, the railway shops, which are the largest employers of labour, have during the summer been running part time. Here again the men have been drawing on reserves. As yet there has been little actual suffering.

Many men in the building trades have been idle for a considerable part of the season. It has been asserted by business men that had wages been reduced in the spring, there would have been extensive building operations this summer. Whether or not this is so—and the standing of business houses hardly warrants the assertion—and, whether or not the labour men were warranted in not accepting greater wage-cuts, the fact is that many will face the winter without the customary summer earnings. Absence of buying power will still further depress local business.

As the mental attitude of the workers is an important factor in the problem, perhaps I cannot do better than to relate a little incident that occurred a few days ago. This illustrated the position in which many a mechanic finds himself to-day, and also his view of his own problem.

A working man, shabbily dressed, gaunt and apparently ill, accosted me on the street.

"You are a *Canadian*, did I not once hear you say?" so he began. "Well, so am I", he continued, bitterly. "But a stranger in my own country. Nearly all the men I meet with in the shops are 'old-country'. It's only now and again you come across a real Canadian these days. This country was spoiled when they brought in those foreign Galicians".

"I haven't had a steady job for months. I always could find a job up till a few years ago. But since we were laid off, I haven't been able to get more than a few days. I guess the fellows that get the odd jobs must be members of some Order or fix it up with the boss."

"It's not only that the shops are running part time, but the staff was cut right down and lots of the men are out altogether. It isn't as if there wasn't plenty of repair work to be done. The Roads will not be able to handle the crop. But that will play into the hands of the Banks, and the farmer will get soaked as usual. No railroad should have the power to turn men off that way. That has been my job for years."

"The employment office? It's only a bosses' institution. It's convenient for them to call up for a man, but the office does nothing to provide work. My name has been on the list since May. Lots more like me. And still they bring in hundreds of thousands of immigrants. Yes, I suppose I shall have to go to work on a farm, for a few weeks during harvest. But what good is sixty dollars a month to a man with a family. The Loan Company will get after me all the harder, too, if they know I'm working."

"I have a cottage half-paid for. I can't keep up the payments. They will take that from me. Then what can I do? I'm too old at forty-seven to save up enough to get a start on another. Down East, in the old days, a man could at least have a little house of his own. They said it would be all right after the war, but it's worse than ever!"

"You can't get any credit either. I've been buying from the Creamery Company for years and now they will not leave me a single bottle of milk without the cash. Fine, pious, respectable citizens, aren't they?"

"Look at that stream of automobiles! A prosperous country for some folk. Why the gasoline it takes to run one of these cars would almost keep my family going."

"Then there's the wife and kids! I've been worrying about them and the house till I'm hardly fit for a job. What am I to do?"

"Come", I ventured, "and have lunch with me, and we'll talk things over". His voice hardened, as he replied shortly, "I had dinner before I left home." I had not misjudged my man!

That face and figure has haunted me. I have not "investigated the case". What is the use? There are hundreds similar. I lived in the midst of it, all last winter. I dread the hardships and demoralisation of the coming months. Is this the price of the deflation of labour? Theories aside, what can I do for that hungry worried man, vainly wandering the streets in search of a job?

He may, possibly, on occasion, have been intemperate. He may not be 100% efficient. He may have been a little more "independent" than some, and refused to curry favour with "the boss". I do not know. It does not materially affect the situation. The outstanding fact is that here is a Canadian workman of Scottish ancestry, anxious to maintain his family and keep his little home together,

and in the length and breadth of Canada he can find no work.

What can be done? Apparently nothing will be done till the crisis is upon us. Then, in spite of good intentions, we shall be forced to give doles on an unprecedented scale. Although taxes are already high, this may be the cheapest safety-insurance scheme that can be adopted. But such a policy only staves off the evil day; makes the solution of our problem, in fact, the more difficult.

The laissez faire policy has been modified to such an extent that even its most ardent advocates can hardly look for things to right themselves.

As I ventured to put the matter in a previous article, we have in Canada all the essential factors for producing what we need: (a) labour; (b) natural resources; (c) if a socialist phrase may be permitted, "the machinery of production"—factories, railroads, supplies, etc. Is it beyond our ingenuity to bring these into an effective working arrangement?

J. S. WOODSWORTH.

Correspondence

Two Protests

To the Editor,

THE CANADIAN FORUM.

SIR,

To protest against unjust, or stupid criticism, is nearly always futile, but I should like to understand why H. K. G. classes a ballad, which tells of a whole ship's company being drowned, as "jolly". I should like "to examine the gentleman's organs".

I am,

Yours, etc.,
ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Halifax, N.S.

(In the absence of H. K. G. we can only hope that the word "jolly" was used in the Pickwickian sense. *Ed.*)

To the Editor,

THE CANADIAN FORUM.

SIR,

In an article on the Community Theatre appearing in a recent number of the CANADIAN FORUM, the writer referred to Hart House Theatre as an endowed theatre. This error requires correction. Hart House Theatre now enjoys no subsidy or subvention of any kind and depends entirely on the support of its clientèle.

I am,

Yours very truly,
VINCENT MASSEY.

Murray Bay, Quebec.

(We regret the error. *Ed.*)

Count Leo N. Tolstoy, 1890-1910

PART III

I went often to the village of Yasnaya Polyana which stretched in a single street westwards from the round gate posts of the estate. Sometimes I went with Tolstoy and sometimes alone. I found the peasants in general living in conditions rather primitive even for Russia. They used the light Russian plough (the *sokha*) which they packed on the back of their horses as they trudged to the fields in the morning and home from them in the evening. The peasant allotments were small, the peasants all worked on the fields of the estate. So far as I could ascertain there were no well-to-do peasants among them; they were *all* poor. The village house was in general the characteristic *izba* of the Russian peasant, each *izba* with a small houseyard enclosed in a fence of wattles. There were two or three brick houses recently built by Tolstoy as an experiment. The wages at that time for field and household labour were very low. The ordinary rate for field labour was twenty kopecks a day. The peasants worked on Sundays; but, of course, they did not do so on many of the numerous holy days.

The cheapness of domestic labour rendered it possible at that time for the landed proprietors to maintain, if not the large retinues of the pre-emancipation days, much larger staffs of servants than those customarily maintained in similar establishments in Western Europe. I did not ascertain how many servants there were in the Tolstoy household. I asked the question of Sergius but he could not answer it. I found from him that service in the house was rather indefinite. There were many of the people whom I have described in my *Economic History of Russia* as "living on the back"—hangers-on of others whether proprietors or peasants. Such people were on no wage list, but received their food and found sleeping accommodation in one or other of the numerous buildings. I drove out frequently, always with a different coachman and once at least was driven by one of these hangers-on. The servants customarily working in the house were, of course, more stable, although they were by no means efficient. My bedroom was a small one but it required three housemaids to keep it in order. The table was served by two rather awkward footmen.

The mode of living at Yasnaya Polyana was much simpler than that of many Russian country houses at this time; yet it was, so far as food was concerned, more than ample. If the Tolstoy family abjured the *zakuska* or side-table with its elaborate *hors d'œuvres* and liqueurs, their table was frequently and bountifully spread. At eight in the morning there was the first breakfast—a simple repast of tea, bread and honey; at eleven there was *déjeuner à la fourchette*, a formidable meal—



SLUMS AND SHADOWS

BY

LAWREN HARRIS

meat, vegetables, claret and *kwass*; at one, there was lunch, also a formidable meal—soup, meat, etc.; at five, there was afternoon tea in the garden; at seven, dinner was served—a full but not a prolonged meal; at nine, supper—bread, honey, etc., and then, if we sat late, there was a snack about eleven, before we retired. Tolstoy lived mostly upon bread and milk. Although meat and wine were both on his table he did not share them. I think, perhaps, he rather underestimated the value of fruit, although the apple orchard of Yasnaya Polyana was celebrated.

While driving about the country at that time I derived the impression that some of the neighbouring villages on other estates were more prosperous than Yasnaya Polyana. The houses were in better condition, the fields were better cultivated and the roads were in better repair. Yasnaya Polyana gave the impression of spasmodic interest and occasional benevolence. Yet there were some signs of care and management. I found that in general these were due to the elder daughter of the house, the Countess Tatiana, who was evidently the organizing head of the estate and of the household. The orchard was in good bearing, the fruit being gathered by the peasant labourers and sold in Moscow, where the Yasnaya Polyana apples yielded a good price. The timber, of which there was much on the estate, seemed to be fairly well looked after, and the fields appeared to be fairly well cultivated.

Life in the chateau was free and easy. One day a couple of officers from Tula arrived on horseback. They quickly threw off their smart tunics and appeared in a few minutes in loose Russian blouses, much more appropriate for tennis, of which the Tolstoy family, including Tolstoy himself, were very fond. During the intervals between meals, not very extended to be sure, every one did what he pleased—bathed in the river, walked, rode or drove. There were horses for everybody in the enormous stables dating from the time when the chateau was twice its present size, half of it having been destroyed by fire early in the nineteenth century. The numerous meals were invariably lively functions. The conversation was always at a good and sometimes at a high level. Like all Russians, the Tolstoy family were fond of telling stories. A story would be told in Italian, for Ge, having spent much of his life in Italy, preferred to speak that language, then another in French, then one in English, often told by Tolstoy himself. Every one indeed spoke English, excepting the Countess Marie and Ge. Then a Russian story would be appropriately told in Russian and the *nuances* of it explained in English for my benefit. The conversation was monopolized by no one, everybody joined in it and everything was unforced and unrestrained.

In the chateau there was a varied though not very large library. Numerous family pictures hung in the dining-room, the drawing-room and in the

boudoir of the Countess. Among these was a portrait of a Prince Gortchakoff, the grandfather of Tolstoy, and one of Repin's portraits of Tolstoy himself. Here also was an ikon in size about thirty by thirty-six inches in commemoration of Tolstoy's grandfather. Tolstoy's grandmother had devoutly collected gold and silver coins from her pin money and from occasional gifts when timber or fruit was sold from the estate. When she had amassed a sufficient number of coins, she gave them to a maker of ikons, who hammered them into a picture. For many years this ikon had rested in a shrine on the roadside; but I think, during the disturbances after the announcement of the Emancipation of the peasants in 1861, the family thought it wise to bring the valuable ikon into the house. I estimated the bullion value of it roughly at about five hundred ounces of gold.

An arched room on the ground floor of the chateau whose windows looked upon the lawn had been in former days used as a granary but was now used as a study by Tolstoy. A scythe and some other implements hung on the walls; there were no books. Here in the summer Tolstoy wrote—indeed since most of his writing was done in the summer this meagre room was the background of the long series of imaginative works, as well as of those later religious and educational writings which came from Tolstoy's pen in an unceasing stream for fully fifty years.

The country round Yasnaya Polyana is well wooded and, although the roads left much to be desired, there were many pleasant excursions by driving. Sometimes we went out in several carriages with riders besides. There is at least one natural phenomenon of interest, in the shape of a floating island in a small lake. This island, upon which there are even some large trees, was at a remote period evidently formed through the accumulation of vegetation upon the floating branches of a fallen tree. Gradually moss and soil came to be deposited upon the mass and a true floating island was formed. It was said to shift its position from time to time according as the wind caught its foliage.

When I was taking my departure I remarked to Tolstoy that I hoped one day he might find it possible to visit the New World. "No," he said, with a humorous twinkle, "I am preparing for another and a better world."

JAMES MAVOR.

(To be concluded)

Ruminant Rhythms**The Bull**

A timid creature, more than slightly soiled,
 He stands all day in the byre
 —Or cow-stable—
 But at milking-time is ejected.
 This he likes little, and returns,
 Rolling a mildly lecherous eye,
 To each door in turn: three doors.
 And we chase him away from each,
 A most humiliated critter.
 Until one day three maidens,
 Seeking a pint of cream,
 Became suddenly conscious of three
 Red sweaters;
 And fled from the bull,
 Who immediately realized
 That it was up to him to start something.
 So he went down to the lake pasture
 And butted his grandson,
 Aetat. six months.

Festina Lente

Mowing in the upper barn.
 Work had stopped, because
 An ancient pestilential pulley block
 Had broken loose and nearly got me on the head—
 All of forty pounds and dumped
 From twenty feet, besides the strain
 Of the rope hoisting the horse-fork.
 Naturally we sat down
 To consider this matter, and Jake
 —He is a sailor man and had sailed
 The very ship from which the block was lost—
 Jake went aloft
 To fix the blighted tackle.
 Jed and Ezry came
 With a new load—curse new loads,
 They wake one up in the mow—
 And had to hear all about it.
 Finally the boss in the field,
 Not seeing Jed nor Ezry back,
 Came in and found
 Three idle men and his old fixings
 Again under repair.
 Jake had done four different splicings
 In three days.
 Being a man of deeds,
 And few words, mostly monosyllabic,
 He expressed his hot rebuke
 By jumping on the load to pitch it off.
 But unluckily
 Gave so furious a yank to the trip-rope

That it broke and dropped him off
 Backwards.
 By which time the job was finished.

The Garden

The trouble about the farmer's garden was,
 That the farmer was always busy farming
 Or tinkering his old machinery.
 And the farmer's wife had her roses to attend to.
 Besides the telephone—seventeen calls on one line,
 But she answered every one, religiously,
 In discreet silence, pretending to us,
 Perhaps also to herself,
 That it rang
 Four five
 But it seldom did, and then mostly for business.

The farmer's son found farming tejus,
 Moreover he was much occupied in mending,
 With bolts and fence wire and profanity,
 The things he broke.
 He broke tongues.
 He broke the tongue of the hay-rake,
 Of the hay-rack, of the side delivery rake,
 He broke the tongue of the tedder,
 Of the old mower, and of the new mower.
 In fact he broke more tongues than spake
 At Pentecost, or even Babel.
 So he did not hoe the garden.

The garden grew up rank with weeds,
 Pig-weed and quack and convolvulus mostly,
 Which I was set to eliminate,
 Mainly because
 The farmer did not know what else
 To do with me; but partly,
 Because the farmer's wife was fond of berries.

ARCHAICS.



This play was jointly written in the winter of 1919-20 by Pte. H. B. Scudamore (4th Battalion), Lieut. R. W. Downie (Canadian Engineers), Capt. W. L. McGeary, M.C., P.P.C.L.I., and Capt. H. R. Dillon, M.C., C.F.A. It was first played in Hart House Theatre, Toronto, on March 10th, 1920, and subsequently toured the Province of Ontario. For reasons of space we are compelled to publish the text serially and in abbreviated form. Other sections will appear in October, November and December.

The P.B.I.

or

Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

ACT I.—Scene 1.

The time is about May, 1918, and the place is Bully Grenay, where the action takes place in a courtyard, whose three sides consist of dwellings on right and rear and of a barn on left. The whole building is continuous and all the roof is covered with red tiles, except some places on the barn-roof where several tiles are broken or have been blown away. The dwelling part of the structure is built of red bricks, while the barn is made of stout wooden beams supporting walls of mud-and-straw mortar-plaster. The court is paved with red bricks.

The building on the right of the court is an estaminet, having a door that is divided into an upper and lower half, each opening separately. On both sides of this door are windows having small rectangular panes of glass and provided with green shutters. Hanging from the lintel of the door is a string of onions and in the windows are crudely scrawled signs advertising:

BIERE ANGLAISE
3 PENCE
and
OEUFS
EGGS
½ FRANC.

Above the door is a painted sign-board reading:

CAFE DE LA PAIX
ESTAMINET.
GUSTAVE GOEDZAK
DEBITANT EN BOISSONS.

The rear wall contains a large wagon-gate through which can be seen the house across the street.

To the right of this gate is Suzanne's shop, which is provided with an ordinary one-piece door, to the right of which is a green-shuttered window. To the left of the door there is pasted up a patriotic poster advertising:

L'EMPRUNT NATIONAL

and above the door is a sign reading:

SUZANNE DELPIERRE
MODISTE.

On the wall, between the gate and the barn is a placard printed in large black-faced type and reading:

MEFIEZ-VOUS!
TAISEZ-VOUS!
LES OREILLES
ENNEMIES
VOUS ECOUTENT!

The barn on the left, in which is quartered Number Sixteen Platoon of the 'Steenth Canadian Infantry Battalion, has two large wagon-shed entrances without doors. On the post between these two entrances is a painted legend:

BILLET No. 9.
HORSES 8.
MEN 40.

At the left is a circular stone well with a windlass arrangement for drawing water. It has a painted notice:

WATER NOT FIT FOR DRINKING.
1 SCOOP CHLORIDE PER WATER-TANK.
BY ORDER OF THE TOWN-MAJOR.

In front of the estaminet are two circular wine-tables around which are nine chairs, some of which have the backs broken off. In addition to these chairs, there are four benches in the court-yard—one on each side of the estaminet door, one in front of Suzanne's shop and one to the left of the road-gate.

* * * * *

It is about ten-thirty on a bright sunny morning in May. Abel Drinkwater, the battalion scrounger and lead-slinger, is seated on the bench to the left of gate, peacefully snoozing in the warm sun.

In the centre of the courtyard, Mike Sullivan, the gambling Old Timer, has spread out his Crown and Anchor cloth on a rubber ground-sheet and he has for patrons Oley Svenson, a "Swedish-American"; Willie Simpson, a young boy who has enlisted under age; Jarge King, a Kentish lad, and other troops. Mike commences to chant the "Come All Ye" of the Crown and Anchor sharks.

Mike. Come on, my lucky, lucky lads,
Who'll give old Mike a starter?
After the storm comes the sunshine;
After the trenches, the Crown and Anchor board.

Roll up, my hearties,
If you never speculate,
You'll never accumulate,
So lay it down like showers of rain.

Oley. I'll put a franc on the heart.

Mike. What? Murder on the old jam-tart?

Willie. I'll take a chance on the working-party.

Mike. Who says a bit more on the labor battalion?

Or on the lucky old Di?

The more you put down,

The more you pick up.

You come here in wheel-barrows

And you go away in limousines.

What? Is nobody playing the name of the game?

It always wins.
Jarge. Good old mud-hook. I'll back it.
 Mike rolls the bones.
Mike. Are you all set? Any more for any more?
 . . . Then up she comes!
 Mike lifts the cup.
Mike. Two Sergeant-Majors and the lucky old
 Kimberley Di.
 Just as I told you but you wouldn't believe
 the old man.
 All paid, well paid and off we go to the
 War again.
 Roll up, my lucky, lucky lads and give old
 Mike a wallop.

In the barn, Hawkins commences to give voice to "Oh, oh, oh, it's a Lovely War," which song the other troops pick up one after another. Then Private Herbert Hawkins, the platoon Grouch; Private Marmaduke Meredith, a gentleman ranker, and Lance-Corporal Percy Wilkins, the Ladies' Man, enter from the barn and saunter over to the front wine-table, singing as they cross:

Hawkins:

Percy:

Duke:

Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
 At a dollar-ten a day,
 It's a shame to take the pay
 And as soon as reveille has gone
 And you feel just as heavy as lead,
 O, you never get up till the sergeant
 Brings your breakfast up to bed.
 Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
 What do we want with eggs and ham
 When we get plum and apple jam?
 Form fours, right turn,
 What do we do with the money we earn?
 Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme and the town ain't no better neither. A bloke couldn't rustle a bite to eat here, even if he had a haversack full of bobs and tanners, which we ain't, since our ruddy paybloke is still snoring away in his cushy billet.

Duke. Have a heart, Hawkins. Here, we only got out of the trenches in the cold and chilly hours just before dawn this morning, and you're grouching because the paymaster wasn't down at the field-kitchen to issue our dollar-ten with the breakfast bacon. What sort of a war do you think this is?

Hawkins. I thinks it's one bally blinkety-blank of a war. The Army Saifety Corpse hogs all our rum, the Base wallahs glom onto our strawberry-jam and between parades and working-parties, a bloke don't get a spare minute in which to make himself look nice and respectable like.

Duke. Cheer up, Hawkins, the first seven years are going to be the worst.

Hawkins. I knows it, Duke, but you're blinkin' well forgettin' that after the first seven years, we're goin' to 'ave one 'orrible beastly 'orful time of it every thirteenth year.

Duke. You get a lot of fun out of life, Hawkins. Just one glorious no-stop Hymn of Hate. Why don't you change the record?

Hawkins. No bloomin' chance. I'm grousin' for the duration and nothin' will stop me but the blue flares when peace is declared.

Duke. O forget it, Herbert, and drown your sorrows in a beer.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, you bet I will

Percy. Julie... Julie.

Julie, the Madelon of the Café de la Paix, enters from the estaminet.

Julie. Bonjour, monsieur Percy. What you want?

Percy. O give me a kiss, Julie.

Julie. Mais non, monsieur Percy. Méchant.

Percy. Then bring three beers instead, Julie.

Julie. Bien, monsieur Percy. Tout'suite.

Julie goes into the estaminet.

Percy. Duke, there's the sweetest little girl in all the world.

Duke. A sentiment, my dear Percy, which you have already used in referring to at least forty-nine other mesdemoiselles.

Percy. Now Duke, can't a fellow change his mind once in a while?

Duke. Once in a while, yes; but not every five minutes.

Percy. O well, there's safety in numbers.

Duke. Safety for the hunters but danger for the quarry. Take care, Percy, or some madomezel will get you yet.

Suzanne enters from her shop and starts to cross to the estaminet.

Percy. Bonjour, mademoiselle Suzanne.

Suzanne. Bonjour, monsieur.

Percy. It's a très bon morning, oui?

Suzanne. Ah oui . . . You have a bad time in the trenches?

Percy. Not too bad, mademoiselle.

Suzanne. Personne blessé?

Percy. No mademoiselle. Nobody wounded in our platoon.

Suzanne. Then where is monsieur Beel Valton?

Percy. Bill Walton? O he rest in trenches last night but he'll be here soon.

Suzanne. Ah . . . Merci, monsieur.

Suzanne and Julie go into estaminet.

Hawkins. Say, Percy, you're an orful bird for the girls. Ain't you satisfied with having Julie sweet on you without trying to ay-lee-a-nate the affections of Suzanne?

Percy. Don't be a fool, Herbert. You can see for yourself Suzanne thinks so much of Bill Walton that she'll hardly bother even looking at any of the rest of us. There's a case of real love.

Hawkins. But wot good is that to Bill? When he gets here the Major will blinkin' well keep him so busy chasin' around on odd jobs that he won't get no time to go courtin' with Suzanne.

Percy. Guess again, 'Erbert. Take it from me, when Bill gets here he and Suzanne will be as thick as a brass-hat and his forty-foot dugout.

Hawkins. Nor 'arf. Bill Walton might as well be a blind man for all he'll see of Suzanne, for he's a willin' worker and everybody from the bloomin' lance-jack to the bally ossifer sez, "Let Bill do it." That's the worst of bein' a good soldier. A bloke has to work two twelve-hour shifts every blinkin' day.

Duke. True, Hawkins, but you always seem to have lots of leisure.

Hawkins. Well, Bill Walton don't. Look at how he gets left up the line every blinkin' time to guide the other battalion around by the hand and tuck them in their little cots and kiss them all good-night.

Duke. But when Bill Walton gets out, they'll give him a little extra rest.

Hawkins. Extra rest? Extra work, you mean. That's all the thanks a bloke gets for soldierin'. He'll get a rest just like he's gettin' it up in the trenches now—chasin' around workin' overtime. I pities Bill.

Private Bill Walton, a runner, enters by the road-gate. His tin-hat is on crooked; his gas-respirator is still at the alert; his uniform, the red runner's brassard on his left sleeve and his revolver holster are all plastered with mud. His puttees are caked with gumbo and are slithering down. He is obviously dead-tired. Everyone greets him, even the Crown and Anchor sharks suspending their operations for a moment.

Abel. 'Ullo, Bill.

Bill. Cheerio, fellows.

Troops. Hello, Bill.

Percy. Welcome to our city, Bill.

Duke. Wipe your feet before you come in, Bill.

Hawkins. O Bill, you're out of luck. Your bil-let's 'orrible punk; you 'as to 'it the 'ay h'under the 'ole in the roof where you catches all the rain.

Bill. O well, c'est la guerre.

Duke. It's nearly eleven o'clock, Bill. What in thunder kept you so long in getting back here?

Bill. Had to take the incoming bunch up to the outpost line and they made such a clatter with their petrol-tins that the Huns started machine-gunning and got a few. So I helped to get the stretchers out.

Duke. Not much wonder you're looking a bit fagged.

Bill. O I'm all right, Duke. Just need a good old sleep and then I'll be jake-a-bon.

Suzanne enters from the estaminet.

Bill. Bonjour, mademoiselle Suzanne.

Suzanne. Bonjour, monsieur Beel. You are very late in getting to Bully-Grenay.

Bill. Oui, mademoiselle Suzanne. Necessary to stay in trenches.

Suzanne. I feared you were wounded.

Bill. Would you have cared, mademoiselle?

Suzanne hesitates for the fraction of a second and then evades the question.

Suzanne. You are very tired, monsieur Beel?

Bill. Ah oui. Beaucoup fatigué.

Suzanne. Alors, I get you some café, monsieur Beel.

Suzanne enters the estaminet.

Percy. Say Bill, I wish I could get a girl to look after me like that.

Hawkins. What do you think you are? A bloomin' h'ossifer wiv a harem?

Bill places his head on the table and is soon asleep.

Percy. Don't you call me an officer, Herbert, or I'll soak you one.

Hawkins. Well, we might as well be scrappin' as sittin' around here like blarsted mummies.

Hawkins jumps up and strips off his coat as if to fight.

Duke. Peace, peace. Kiss and be friends again.

Percy. All right. Come here, angel face.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey, not me. You'd poison me wot wif that ruddy talcum-powder shaive.

Percy. Cut it out, Hawkins. You and Duke want to get busy with your own razors before you start crabbing about the way other people shave.

Hawkins. Lor'lue a duck, Percy, but wot's the blinkin' use of shavin' when we won't have no inspections before to-morrow? Gor'blimey but I almost wishes we did have the odd parade for it ain't 'arf slow around here wot wif nothin' to do at all.

Percy. Then come on down the road to Ac Com-pany's billet and see Mademoiselle Marcelle.

Hawkins. Cradle-snatching again.

Duke. Percy, Percy, thou fickle philanderer. Just ten minutes ago you were announcing that Julie here was "the sweetest little girl in all the world."

Percy. Aw, cheese it. You fellows are just jealous.

Duke gets up and crosses to Percy.

Duke. Nay, nay, my son, we're just old and disillusioned and worldly-wise. But we will accom-pany thee in thy wanderings for there will be no peace until thou hast disposed of thy stock of alu-minum presentation rings. How many hast thou left?

Percy. O just a few.

Percy has taken an identification bracelet out of his trouser's pocket. On it are strung seven sou-venir rings made of aluminum and of bent horse-

shoe nails. Percy is also wearing a ring on the little finger of his left hand. Duke counts the rings.

Duke. Seven rings, seven happy mesdemoiselles.

Hawkins. Wot 'opes.

Duke. Seven—almost enough to last you till tomorrow noon.

Percy. Cut it, you kill-joys. I'm going to put on my walking-out belt and then we're away in a cloud of dust.

Percy goes into barn.

Suzanne enters from estaminet with a drink of steaming coffee in a glass goblet. She crosses to Bill who is sound asleep with his head resting on his arms, which are folded on the table.

Suzanne. Voici du café, monsieur Beel.

Suzanne puts the glass of coffee on the table.

Suzanne. Monsieur Beel.

Suzanne perceives that Bill is asleep.

Suzanne. O ce pauvre garçon. He is asleep. La guerre est bien cruelle.

Suzanne bends over Bill and gently shakes him by the shoulder. Hawkins stretches out and kicks him on the shins.

Suzanne. Beel, Beel . . . Wake up.

Bill drowsily awakens.

Suzanne. Ici, monsieur. Thees café will be of good for you.

Bill sips the coffee. Percy enters from the barn.

Percy. Well, are you fellows coming or aren't you?

Duke. Suppose we'll have to, Percy, for you're not safe without guardians.

Hawkins. Yes, guess we might as well go, for it ain't 'arf slow around this billet wot wif no money and nothin' to do at all.

Lieutenant Green, a new Officer, just out from Bexhill, enters by road-gate with Sergeant Hall, the sergeant of Number Sixteen Platoon.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, wot now?

Sergeant. Platoon—SHUN!

Green. Sergeant, I want to take over this platoon at once.

Green glances disapprovingly around the courtyard.

Green. My word, Sergeant, what a disreputable billet.

Green spots Jarge, who is standing to attention in a very wobbly manner.

Green. See here, my man, don't you ever take any notice of officers?

Jarge. It's not exactly that, sir, but I'm one of those chaps what likes to keep themselves to themselves, sir.

Green. Stand to attention when addressing me.

Hawkins meanwhile has been taking surreptitious whiffs at a cigarette. Green whirls around and Hawkins is forced to swallow his cigarette by pulling it into his mouth with the tip of his tongue.

Green. Are you smoking?

Hawkins replies in a muffled voice.

Hawkins. No thir.

Green stares at him hard and then turns to the group who have been playing Crown and Anchor.

Green. Have you men been gambling here?

Mike. No sir. We've just been having a game of "House."

Green. If I ever catch any of you men gambling I'll crime you. That's one of the many things I won't tolerate.

Green turns to the sergeant.

Green. Now sergeant, I want to inspect this platoon and see what sort of a crowd they are on parade. Have them fall-in five minutes from now. Every man to parade.

Sergeant. In clean fatigue, sir?

Green. No. Battle-order with forage caps. . . . And they'll have to be mighty smart and snappy for I've been trained at Bexhill and just last week my old platoon back in England won the General Efficiency Medal for the Shorncliffe Training Area.

Green struts out the road-gate.

Sergeant. You heard the order. Now jump to it. Parade in five minutes with battle-order and forage-caps.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey.

Sergeant. No grousing, men. I know you expected a day off after the tour. So did I. But it can't be helped. We have a parade now, so shake a leg. We must show this new officer that there are just as good soldiers in France as in Bexhill.

The troops go into the barn to get their equipment and start polishing up. The harness and gats of Hawkins, Percy and Duke are already lying beside the well.

Bill. Say, sarge, I just got in. May I be excused parade?

Sergeant. Officer wants to see every man so you'll have to fall in with the others. Smarten up as much as possible and if there is any trouble, I'll explain.

Bill. All right, sarge.

Sergeant. Probably the officer only wants to tell us how the war is being fought on Piccadilly.

Bill. Righto, sarge.

Sergeant. This new officer is just out from Blighty and he doesn't compree the war-game yet.

Sergeant goes into the barn.

Bill. Beaucoup busy, Suzanne.

Suzanne. Bien, monsieur Bill. A bientôt.

Suzanne goes into her shop. The troops are all busily engaged in polishing and cleaning up.

Duke. Hawkins, my son, you were grousing about having nothing to do. Now are you happy?

Hawkins. Be careful, Duke, or I'll assassinate you. I didn't join this blinkin' army to be inspected. I joined to kill Heinies.

Duke. And to have an unrestricted opportunity for grousing at everything and everybody.

Hawkins starts lugubriously singing.

Hawkins. "When this ruddy war is over . . .

Hawkins spits on his buttons.

Hawkins. No more soldiering for me . . .

Hawkins industriously rubs the buttons with his shirt sleeve.

Hawkins. And I'll tell the Sergeant-Major . . ."

Hawkins suddenly steps singing and addresses Duke.

Hawkins. Wot I wants to know, Duke, is why the blinkin' submarines let ossifers like this new h'infant come out to France to annoy the fightin' troops?

Duke. Don't worry, Hawkins. At present he knows a lot, or rather he thinks he knows a lot, but the fighting troops will soon start his real education.

Mike. Sure and were you after listening to the little dear trying to choke off the good old game of Crown and Anchor? Why he don't take no interest in sport at all. But we'll learn him a thing or two.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey but we'd be a sight better off up the line. I'm fed-up wif this button-polishin' mob. Garn but they thinks an old soldier's breath ain't no good for nothin' but shinin' brasses.

Percy. We don't get the trench stoop out of our necks before they start shooting parades at us.

Duke. This new blighter must be one of those reckless reggies that are overflowing with vim and vigueur and full of fancy ideas about pipe-clay and button-sticks.

Hawkins. I'll bet he's a proper milk-fed war-baby.

Percy. Yes, he probably was home dreaming in his feather-bed when we old-timers out here sharpened our teeth on hard-tack and barbed-wire.

Mike. And he comes along and makes us parade when we all should be having a quiet little game of Crown and Anchor. O but we'll learn him what's what in France.

The sergeant enters from the barn and the troops stop their grousing and carry-on with the cleaning up.

Sergeant. Well Abel, are you going up the line with us next tour?

Abel. I'd like to, sergeant, but the Medical Officer says I'm such an old crock, I must stay out at the transport-lines, what with my rheumatism and my lumbago and my trench-feet growing worsen every day.

Sergeant. Abel, you brazen old lead-swinger. If only I had your colossal nerve, I'd have worked a ticket back to Canada years and years ago.

Sergeant turns to the troops.

Sergeant. Hurry up, men, just two minutes to go.

Sergeant glances around and notices Jarge laboriously cleaning up.

Sergeant. Jarge, this new officer will be mighty strict, so you've got to pull yourself together and be regimental for once in your life.

Jarge. Ay sergeant.

Sergeant. And don't be a disgrace to the platoon.

Jarge. Ay sergeant.

Sergeant. Be sure to fall-in with the rear-rank, Jarge, and if you go to sleep, don't snore.

Jarge. Ay sergeant—but I never snores very loud.

Mike has been hunting around for his rifle.

Mike. Who's got my rifle? Where's Jarge?

Mike crosses to Jarge and examines the rifle which the latter is trailing about with him.

Mike. I knowed it. Take your own rusty old gat.

Mike exchanges rifles with Jarge. Private Henry Harris, the batman, enters by the road-gate. He has no rifle, entrenching-tool or ammunition, but is wearing Web equipment.

Hawkins. Lor'lurve a duck, if here ain't the blinkin' batman comin' on parade.

Harris. Have a good laugh now, Hawkins, for I'm a-telling you that you'll not be feeling much like it when my new Boss has finished with this here parade.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme but this new ossifer must be a proper old martinello if he has the heart to turn our poor little batman out for parade.

Sergeant notices that Harris has no rifle.

Sergeant. Harris, where's your rifle?

Harris. Please, sergeant, somebody swiped it on me last Christmas.

Sergeant. You're for it, Harris . . . and you call yourself a shock-troop.

Hawkins. No blinkin' wonder 'Indenburg thinks as wot he's winnin' this 'ere war.

Sergeant. Corporal Wilkins, fall-in as marker.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey, just my blinkin' luck. No sooner get a fag lit than some blighter calls a parade.

Sergeant. Number Sixteen Platoon—Fall-in.

Hawkins crosses slowly to parade, dragging his rifle-butt along the ground.

Sergeant. Hawkins, hurry up.

Sergeant. Platoon—SHUN!

As you—WERE!

Now jump to it!

Platoon—SHUN!

Stand at—EASE!

Ea—ZEE.

Lieutenant Green enters by road-gate.

Sergeant. Platoon—SHUN!

Sergeant salutes the officer.

Sergeant. All present and correct, sir.

Green. Very good, sergeant.

Abel flounders up after some hesitation and stands to attention in a weak-kneed manner.

Green. Now, my man, what are you doing there?

Abel. Swinging the lead, sir.

Green. Very good. Carry on.

Abel stands dazed for a minute and then, scratching his head, slumps down into a chair and prepares to enjoy the inspection, watching every move with the air of a Whitehall expert.

Green. Sergeant, I shall inspect the platoon.

Green turns to the platoon.

Green. Platoon—rear rank—one pace step back—MARCH!

Green glances critically over the troops.

Green. I say, sergeant . . . Beastly looking lot of uniforms. No fit at all. Look at those abominable caps. Not a single stiff one among the lot. Must get them all properly wired. See that those cartridges are removed from the rifle-slings.

Hawkins peers down at his rifle-sling.

Green. That man—don't look down.

Suzanne and Julie wander in and watch the inspection. Gustave Goedzak also slinks in and watches the proceedings.

During the inspection, Hawkins keeps shuffling around and craning his neck to see who is the latest victim of Green's strafe. Jarge successively is engaged in standing-easy in his own time, in scratching one ankle against the other and in yawning with long-suffering and martyrlike boredom. Whenever the officer or sergeant shouts a command at Jarge, he momentarily stiffens up into a position approximating to that of attention.

Green starts his inspection with Percy.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Lance-corporal Percy Wilkins, sir.

Green. Corporal, where is your cap-badge? . . . and your collar-badges?

Percy. Please, sir, I've never been issued with any.

Green. Sergeant, do these men ever give away their badges as souvenirs?

Sergeant. No sir. Never.

Green. What? Never?

The sergeant refrains from making the obvious retort, but smiles on perceiving that the officer may possibly possess a carefully-concealed sense of humor. Green next inspects Oley Svenson.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Private Oley Svenson, sir.

Green. What is this weapon, he's carrying?

Sergeant. O that's a Ross rifle, sir.

Green. O yes, certainly.

Sergeant. Svenson is a battalion scout, sir, and he's with the platoon to train some company scouts and snipers.

Hawkins is shuffling around.

Sergeant. Hawkins, stand steady.

Green next inspects Mike Sullivan, who is wearing a shrapnel-helmet on which is some melted candle-wax.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Private Michael Sullivan of the rifle-grenade section, sir.

Green. Where is your forage-cap, Sullivan?

Mike. Please, sir, it was lying on the parados of the trench and it was blown up by a pineapple.

Green. A what?

Mike. A pineapple, sir. . . . A small German trench-mortar bomb, sir.

Green. O, I see. That's all right then. Sergeant, see this man gets a new cap at once.

Sergeant. Yes sir.

Hawkins is again shuffling around.

Sergeant. Hawkins, stand steady.

Green next comes to Willie Simpson, who is standing in an attitude of weary dejection.

Green. Sergeant, here's a man who doesn't know how to stand to attention.

Sergeant. That's Willie Simpson, sir. He's just a young lad and . . .

Green. Give him a little extra P.T. That will set up his physique.

Abel, on hearing the reference to Physical Torture, jumps up from his chair and, carrying himself with ludicrous uprightness, hastens out the road-gate. Green next inspects Hawkins, who is breathing stertorously through his walrus-moustache. Hawkins' chest is expanded to a painful degree, his eyes are rolling wildly in his head and he is standing stiff as a ramrod.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Private Herbert Hawkins, of the Bombers, sir.

Green. Hawkins, show me your emergency ration of preserved meat.

Hawkins. My wot, sir?

Sergeant. Your tin of bully-beef.

Hawkins and Willie perform prodigies of contortion in an endeavor to locate the bully in Hawkins' haversack.

Green. Hurry up, my man. Hurry up. I can't stand here all day.

Hawkins finally gives up the search as fruitless.

Hawkins. Please, sir, I had that there tin of bully-beef in my haversack yesterday but it ain't there now, sir.

Green. Then what has become of it?

Hawkins. Well sir, I thinks . . .

Green. You think! You think! Don't you know a private isn't supposed to think? Hurry up now, what's become of that tin of bully beef?

Hawkins. Well sir, a rat must have 'et it.

Green. Sergeant, make a note of that.

Sergeant. Yes sir.

Green next inspects Duke.

Green. Who is this man?

Sergeant. Private Marmaduke Meredith, sir, number one on the Lewis Gun.

Green approaches Duke and stares critically at his chin.

Green. Did you shave this morning?

Duke. Please sir, I shaved late last night.

Green. Sergeant, when did these men get in from the trenches?

Sergeant. About three o'clock this morning, sir.

Green. Ah ha. . . . So you shaved then, my man.

Duke. Yes sir. I knew that I wouldn't be able to sleep if I wasn't clean.

Green next passes to Bill, stepping back and surveying him with wrathful disapproval.

Green. Who's this man?

Sergeant. Private Bill Walton, sir, a runner.

Green. Sergeant, take this man's name and number.

Sergeant. But sir, Walton just . . .

Green. Worst man yet!

Sergeant. But sir, he . . .

Green impatiently interrupts.

Green. No excuses, sergeant. I've had enough for one day. This man has had practically all morning in which to clean himself up. There is absolutely no possible reason for any self-respecting soldier to be in such a filthy condition.

Sergeant. But sir . . .

Green interrupts again and yet more angrily.

Green. Disgrace to the platoon . . . and wearing a Mons ribbon too. These men who have been in France a long time get very sloppy and careless . . . Need constant checking-up.

The troops in the rear rank start fidgeting around.

Green. Stop moving about in the rear-rank.

Hawkins cranes his neck around to see the offending rear-rankers.

Sergeant. Hawkins, eyes front.

Abel ambles back into the courtyard. Green stops his inspection with Bill. He does not look at the rear rank at all.

Green. I won't look at any more of these men, sergeant. It's too beastly heart-breaking.

Both ranks of the platoon are still standing rigidly at attention.

Green. Now men . . .

The platoon relaxes into an attitude of long-suffering but patient resignation.

Green. GAS!

As the face-pieces of the respirators are whipped out of their haversacks, love-letters flutter down from Percy's; a pair of socks fall from Willie's; a Crown and Anchor cloth tumbles from Mike's; candles, spoons and packets of cigarettes fall from others. All the troops hastily adjust their face-pieces, with the exception of Hawkins and Jarge, who have both forgotten to wear their respirators. Hawkins adroitly pulls his forage-cap down over his face, while Jarge looks around in a half-dazed and half-alarmed manner, sniffing apprehensively for any signs of gas. Green's angry eye spots Jarge and he shouts at him, pointing fiercely with his cane.

Green. That man in the rear-rank—didn't you hear me say "GAS"?

Jarge. Please, sir, I can't smell any.

Green. Certainly not, man. It's just a test drill.

Jarge grins sheepishly, but with considerable relief.

Green. Take them off . . .

The men start to remove their respirators.

Green. Sergeant, I'm disgusted with this platoon.

Before the men have had time to get their face-pieces back in the haversack-containers, Green shouts his command.

Green. Platoon—SHUN!

The platoon have the face-pieces of their respirators dangling on their chests. Green leaves them standing at attention while he addresses them in self-satisfied tone of voice.

Green. Now men, my name is Green.

The platoon snickers.

(A second instalment will be printed in October.)

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Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Car elle me comprend, et mon coeur, transparent
Pour elle seule, hélas! cesse d'être un problème
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême
Elle seule les sait refranchir, en pleurant.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse?—Je l'ignore.
Son nom? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la Vie exila.

Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et pour sa voix, lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than October 20, 1921.

The identifications of the quotations in the previous competition are as follows:

- (1) Addison's Cato
- (2) Sterne's Sentimental Journey
- (3) Gibbon's Autobiography
- (4) Shakespeare, Much Ado about Nothing
- (5) Boswell's Johnson (1775)
- (6) Shakespeare, King Henry V
- (7) R. L. Stevenson, Virginibus Puerisque
- (8) Shirley, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses
- (9) Milton, Paradise Lost (Book 1)
- (10) Shakespeare, King John
- (11) Matthew Arnold, Essay on "The French Play in London"
- (12) Francis Thompson, The Daisy

The prize of five dollars is awarded to A. E. Foulds, 802 Dorchester Street West, Montreal, who succeeded in placing all the quotations except the eleventh.

Our Book-Shelf

Fiction

Coquette, by Frank Swinnerton (Doran).

With *Coquette* Mr. Swinnerton returns to the style and milieu of *Nocturne*. It was *Nocturne* which established him above the common run of contemporary novelists and brought him to the attention of

many who had no previous acquaintance with him. He showed in that minor classic among novels that he could write of the obscurer classes, and particularly of plebeian households and courtships, with a more refined art and a greater intimacy than his more comprehensive predecessors, Wells and George Moore and Bennett.

His next two novels were studies of middle rather than of lower classes. Both *Shops and Houses* and *September* suggest that he was loth to hasten into competition with his own so admirably successful *Nocturne*. The two lacked something in robustness and health and compared unfavourably in this respect with the vigorous dramatic criticism which he was writing about that time in the weekly pages of the *London Nation*.

Coquette belongs to the same world as Jenny and Emmy. This time it is Sally Minto, a Jenny with as little as possible of Emmy in her. She is a Cockney through and through, whereas Jenny and Emmy might have belonged to any English provincial town. (Mr. Swinnerton himself, we believe, comes from the North.) Nor are the events those of a night but of many months, from the alcoholic demise of Mr. Minto and the resultant liberation of Sally's ambition to the catastrophic interruption of her career. The quality of the narrative is fully equal to that of *Nocturne*; for sparseness of dialogue and description and for the laying bare of untutored minds nothing could be better than page after page of *Coquette*. In one respect Mr. Swinnerton has advanced; his plot and his mental attitude are bolder, he says directly where before he was content to suggest. The sense of reticence and an over-subtle artistry which were in *Nocturne* out of perfect harmony with the social setting yield to a complete frankness of narrative which comes closer to reality and is of the very stuff of Sally's private life.

Sally has few good looks and, we are told, no sense of honour. There is accordingly a less insuperable barrier between her and the reader than is usual in fiction. She is unscrupulous in her determination to look after "number one", but she is the reverse of enigmatic either to herself or to the reader. Perhaps it is because she knows exactly what she is worth and never for a moment pretends, even to herself, that she is acting in the interest of another that she remains a "heroine" and cannot be looked upon as a "villain". She forfeits all other moral grounds to the distinction and yet few readers will wish her the rather unnecessary collapse of her schemes with which the story ends. And even on more objective grounds her character hardly calls for such an ending. By rights she should have managed somehow to avert disaster, and, whilst everything points to the contrary, it is hard to believe that she did not. It would seem as if Mr. Swinnerton had come so close to life that he was at a loss how to stop it. And so

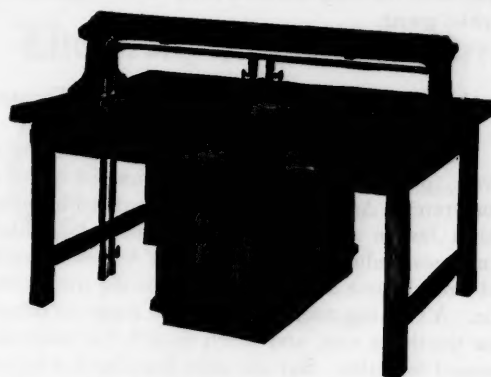
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B. F.

Purple Springs, by Nellie McClung (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

You know the three favourite ways of selling a novel. The Fluffy Girl Cover has vamped many a poor wretch. An I. C. R. news agent enticed me once with a *Jess* in a pink summer creation, who smiled at me most seductively with glorious American teeth and French-done hair. Then there is the irresistible title. A title has made something of many an otherwise worthless tale, and much wealth has been exchanged for titles. But the great beguiler is a name. When a book called "John Smith" appears with a plain grey cover, be sure the author has become a household necessity. The book may or may not be.

Mrs. McClung's new novel illustrates this well. It has not a C. N. E. poster for a cover. Its title is not catchy, as were those of *Sowing Seeds in Danny* and *The Second Chance*, though there may be a certain royal, voluptuous, *vers libre* effect in it. But Nellie McClung has made a name. She needs no spidery titles, no brass band covers. Nevertheless, she is not without guile; she is an M. P. P., you remember. The re-introduction of Pearl Watson was a good stroke. Pearl has a good many old friends, who have often wondered what became of her. I was startled when I saw that she was only eighteen-going-on-nineteen, and I muttered the old saw about the glacial progress of a woman's age, but it's all right, since the scene is laid before the war. The honourable member is not to be trapped in her statistics.

Pearl becomes a politician, and the authoress has admitted that her own political career is reflected in her heroine's. The reader must not expect any very startling political theories profoundly discussed, or even advanced. Canadian machine methods are cleverly if somewhat exuberantly introduced. And it must be confessed that a reader hitherto ignorant of Mrs. McClung's political alignment, if such there be, will soon discover it. She is no detached, philosophic onlooker, nor are the disguises, where any are employed, absolutely impenetrable.

The Watsons are as delightful as ever, and Pearl can still be very Irish in her speech, even if she is a Normalite. The dialogue is generally clever, and the characteristic sparkling humour, sometimes a little bitter, which we expect, is very much in evidence, less perhaps in situation than in conversation.

There is a charming love-story, verging on sentimentality once or twice. Are there any non-sentimental lovers? But Mrs. McClung will not let her characters be "silly". Pearl's doctor is a very ideal young man. Mrs. McClung's books are not really of the kail-yard type, and her people are not

goody-goody, but I am afraid for these two—Pearl and the Doctor. They will die young, in spite of their creator.

Our author is too much of a moral reformer to be a front rank artist. She points her moral straight at you. There is interesting if somewhat superficial portrayal of static characters. The professional politicians are familiar lay figures; the humorous characters are of course exaggerated, and the "straight" parts would have been all the better for a short, supervised apprenticeship under Satan. This book is not the great Canadian novel, but it shows an advance on the author's previous work, both in technique and thought, is wholesome and cheery and makes stimulating and entertaining reading.

D. R.

History

The Parish Register of Kingston, 1785-1811, by A. H. Young.

The Rev'd John Stuart, D.D., U.E.L., of Kingston, U.C., by A. H. Young.

In these two works Professor Young has rendered important service, not only to those who are especially interested in the records of Anglican work in Canada, in the history of Kingston, or in the lives of the United Empire Loyalists, but also to all future historians of the Province or Dominion.

It is the carefully compiled register or sketch compiled while the records were still intact and subject to verification, that the historian finds of value, rather than the general history of a period. A work of tremendous value to the country, a work that needs doing now, is the gathering of information, any and all information, in every local centre, from local records and local pioneers, concerning the life of the infant Canada, of wilderness Canada.

D.

Trade and Industry

LAST month presents features essentially similar to those of early summer. The pause in the decline of wholesale prices is especially noteworthy. The movement of wholesale prices for the past twelve months may be summarised almost in a sentence. During the ten months from August, 1920, to June, 1921, prices fell steadily at an average rate of 3.8% per month. Financial writers have exhausted their adjectives in insisting that so rapid a fall is quite without precedent. But in the last two months, from June till August, the fall has been only one-third as rapid, averaging 1.3% per month. For practical purposes the general level of wholesale prices has been stationary.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	May 1921	June 1921	July 1921	August 1921	August 1920
Wholesale Prices ¹ (Michell)	176.8	169.8	167.0	165.4	274.4
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$22.84	\$21.74	\$21.55	\$26.60
Volume of Employment ² (Employment Service of Canada)	86.5	88.1	89.0	89.0	106.7
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities ³ (Michell)	108.6	103.9	103.6	103.0	122.9

Will the pause continue? The question is vital to business. There are general grounds for believing that the peak of this year's activity has already been passed; that the remainder of the year will see further curtailment in production and increasing unemployment. An unusually well-informed correspondent writes of the current movement: "The pause can hardly last. In Canada the great staples have closely followed the world movement. But tea, most iron and steel products, lumber and cement are still relatively high. The question is interesting, how soon these will come down and how quickly."

Our foreign trade continues to dwindle rapidly. Does this represent a diminished volume of exports, or are we selling undiminished quantities at the low prices of to-day? It is a pity the Department of Trade and Commerce does not, like the British Board of Trade, quote the total of our exports in tons as well as in dollars. The point could then be decided at once. However, a rough calculation is still possible. By taking the declared values of exports for the current month, and dividing them by the current price index number, then multiplying the result by the price index of any month with which a comparison is desired, we can express the values of our exports in each month in terms of the same price level. In other words, although we cannot in this way find the actual volume of goods moved in either month, by reducing them to common prices, we can see the difference in *volume of goods moved*.

In its monthly letter for September the Canadian Bank of Commerce shows the changing volume of our foreign commerce in a diagram constructed by this method and covering the years since 1912. A statement of current developments may be made summarily as follows (the price index used for purposes of calculation is not Professor Michell's, which relates

only to foods and raw materials, but that of the Department of Labour):

CANADA
EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE
Actual Values

	1920	1921	Comparison between 1921 and same quarter of 1920
First Quarter....	\$289,000,000	\$205,000,000	-29.1%
Second Quarter..	\$237,000,000	\$161,000,000	-32.1%
Third Quarter....	315,000,000
Fourth Quarter..	444,000,000

The declared values of our exports have fallen by about one-third below the level of the corresponding periods of last year, and are still declining. The following table applies the method outlined above, and expresses the figures for each quarter in terms of the price level existing in January, 1920.

CANADA
EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE
Valued at Prices of January, 1920

	1920	1921	Comparison between 1921 and same quarter of 1920
First Quarter....	\$286,000,000	\$256,000,000	-10.5%
Second Quarter..	225,000,000	231,000,000	+2.7%
Third Quarter..	319,000,000
Fourth Quarter..	497,000,000

What has happened is easily seen. The volume of our exports is not quite but almost as great as in the corresponding periods last year. We are selling in almost undiminished quantities, but to do so we have been compelled to meet the prices offered by the foreign buyer. It is likely that for a long time to come he will be holding the whip hand.

G. E. JACKSON.

¹Base (=100) refers to the period 1900-1909.

²Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

³The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

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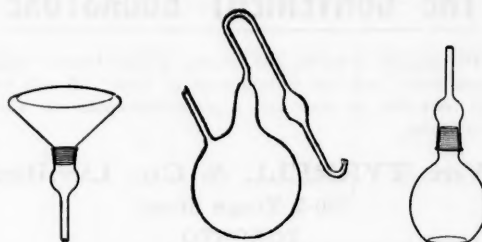
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